

LOVE AND THE WITCHES.

IT was a little, fearful maid,
Whose mother left her all alone;
Her door with iron bolt she stayed,
And 'gainst it rolled a lucky stone—
For many a night she'd waked with fright
when witches by the house had flown.

She swiftly shot the iron bar,
And rolled the lucky stone away,
And careful set the door ajar—
“Now enter in, Sir Love, I pray;
My mother knows it not, but I have watched
for you this many a day.”



DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH,

ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

To piping lute in still midnight,
Who comes a-singing at the door,—
That showeth seams of golden light,—
“Ah, open, darling, I implore”?
She could not help knowing 'twas Love,
although they'd never met before.

With fan and roar of gloomy wings
They gave the door a windy shove;
They perched on chairs and brooms and things;
Like bats they beat around above—
Poor little maid, she'd let the witches in with
Love.

Mary E. Wilkins.